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NOMAD

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NOMAD

SCORN IN THE U.S.A.

AMERICAN DREAMERS

PART II

DIRECT EDITION

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STAN LEE PRESENTS:

AMERICAN DREAMERS

PART II

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THE VICTORIAN HOME IN *CAPE MAY*, ON BEACH AVENUE AND DECATUR STREET, HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR OVER ONE *HUNDRED* YEARS.

THIS SMALL *NEW JERSEY* COMMUNITY IS REMOVED FROM AMERICAN SOCIETY, IN ITS OWN WAY, BUT STILL QUITE A PART OF IT, WITH EASY ACCESS TO NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON WHENEVER I NEED IT.

AFTER *CHANTAL* LEFT ME, AFTER THE CHILDREN WERE... *LOST* TO US... I TURNED THIS PLACE INTO MY PRIMARY RESIDENCE.

THE HOME HAS SERVED AS MY *HAVEN*--A REFUGE FROM WHICH I CAN CAREFULLY CONSIDER THE *MEASURED STEPS* I TAKE IN THIS TRICKY LIFE PATH I HAVE CHOSEN.

AND, NOT ONE GIVEN TO OVERLY DRAMATIZING EVENTS, THE STEPS I TAKE NOW *COULD* DECIDE THE FATE OF THIS VERY *COUNTRY*...

...IF NOT THE ENTIRE *WORLD*.

THE *INFORMATION* I GATHERED IN WASHINGTON, D.C. YESTERDAY EVENING, CONFIRMS MY GROWING SUSPICIONS.

HE MUST BE *STOPPED*.

AND I HAVE JUST THE *WEAPON* IN PLACE TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK...

THAKSHWOOM

HEY-POO-POO--? YOU HOME ?

YOU AND ME,,, WE'RE GOING TO TALK.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL. JACK MONROE. THE NOMAD.

CRUNCH

HE IS ALSO A MAN WHO HAS UNWILLINGLY--AND OFTEN ENOUGH, UNWITTINGLY--BEEN A PAWN IN MANY OF MY MANEUVERS.

HE KNOWS ME AS GISCARD EPURER, THE FAVOR BANKER.

A VAGABOND. RESTLESS SOUL, DETERMINED TO DO GOOD DEEDS IN THIS WORLD...

...AND OFTEN HAVING NOT THE SLIGHTEST CLUE HOW TO GO ABOUT DOING THEM.

WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW, IS THAT IN MY OWN DEVIOUS, DUPLICITOUS WAY...

...MY MISSION IN LIFE QUITE CLOSELY MIRRORS HIS OWN.

ON THE CEILING FAN ?

I GUESS IF I HAD FLICKED THE LIGHT SWITCH WE WOULD'VE HAD PUREE OF EPURER ?

CUTE.

THWAK

I ALWAYS FORGET HOW FAST HE IS.

SHANK

AND HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO GET IN THE FIRST SHOT.

AND SOMETIMES THE SECOND ONE AS WELL.

AND THE THIRD.

BUT THREE TIMES IS THE CHARM.

FWOOMPH

OR MAYBE NOT.

KURMPF

HAD ENOUGH YET?

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD THE FEELING YOU ***HOLD BACK*** AGAINST ME, JACK.

I'M NEVER QUITE SURE IF YOU DO SO OUT OF ***RESPECT*** OR ***DIS***RESPECT.

MAYBE IT'S JUST--

--THAT I'M NEVER SURE WHAT YOUR HEALTH CARE PLAN WILL COVER--

FWOOP!

--OR WHAT MY INSURANCE COMPANY WILL COVER--

--SO I NEVER KNOW WHICH PART OF YOU TO BEAT-UP ON.

CHAK

THAK

THAK

HILLARY WOULD THANK YOU FOR YOUR THOUGHTFUL CONSIDER-ATIONS.

THAT'S ME...

FWAM

MR. THOUGHT-FUL!

WHICH LEADS ME TO THINKING... I CAN'T THINK OF ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T JUST *DROP* YOU OUT THE WINDOW FOR SENDING THAT ASSASSIN, *ZARIN*, AFTER ME IN *MYRTLE BEACH!*

CHUTH

I COULD THINK OF AT LEAST *THREE*, JACK.

ONE: A FALL FROM THIS HEIGHT WOULD, AT *MOST* ONLY SERVE TO *SCUFF* MY SLIPPERS.

TWO: I DID *NOT* SEND A SELF-STYLED *WEAPONS MASTER* AFTER YOU.

THREE: LOOK AT THE *PAPERS* WHICH HAVE JUST FALLEN OFF MY DESK.

SIMPLY THE *SUREST* WAY OF GETTING JACK MONROE TO PLAY THE HAND YOU WANT HIM TO...

... IS TO FEED HIM *INFORMATION* HE DID NOT PREVIOUSLY HAVE.

THE MAN IS A *WALKING QUESTION MARK* AND *ANSWER SPONGE* ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

UNITED WE STAND? THAT'S PEREOT *ORGANIZATION*, ISN'T IT?

UNITED WE RISE

AND THEY ARE BEGINNING TO SEARCH FOR *VICE-PRESIDENTIAL* CANDIDATES TO RUN WITH HIM IN '96.

AND GUESS WHO IS AT THE *TOP* OF THEIR LIST RIGHT NOW?

IOWA SENATOR *BARTHOLOMEW INGRID.*

DO YOU *REMEMBER* HIM, JACK? DO YOU REMEMBER THE BOY WHOSE LIFE YOU *RUINED?*

WELL, GUESS WHAT? NOW HE'S IN A POSITION TO RUIN *YOURS*--

--ALONG WITH EVERY-ONE *ELSE'S* IN THIS COUNTRY!

MORNING IN WASHINGTON, D.C. AMONG THE SEATS OF POWER--

--RESTS THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES OF THE INTER-NATIONAL ESPIONAGE AGENCY KNOWN AS S.H.I.E.L.D...

MR. MORRISS, YOUR INTERESTS IN THIS MATTER ARE NOT PERTINENT TO YOUR JOB REQUIREMENTS.

WELL, MS. HOPKINS, MY JOB ENTAILS PROCUREMENT PROCESSING AND MAINTENANCE. I AM A FILE CLERK.

AND NOT A VERY GOOD ONE AT THAT, JACK.

WELL, CLAIRE...

...WHAT IF IN THE PROCESS OF DOING MY JOB, I CAME ACROSS A POTENTIAL CONSPIRACY--

--REGARDING THE IMPROPER DIVERGENCE OF SHIELD FUNDS TO A QUESTIONABLE SOURCE?

YOU SHOULD BRING SUCH INFORMATION TO MY ATTENTION--

--AND ALLOW ME TO CONTACT THE APPROPRIATE PARTIES.

BUT WHAT IF WE FIND OUT THE "APPROPRIATE" PARTIES ARE ALSO THE GUILTY PARTIES?

JACK--YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING OUT THESE CHILDISH *JAMES BOND* FANTASIES EVER SINCE YOU JOINED THE AGENCY!

YOU *WHINED* AND *CRIED* UNTIL I GOT YOU A SHOT AT A *FIELD ASSIGNMENT* IN LOS ANGELES LAST YEAR--

--AND YOU *BLEW* IT!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP TRYING TO FIND A *BUG* UNDER EVERY LAMPSHADE AND A *CONSPIRACY* AROUND EVERY CORNER?!

WHEN THEY STOP BEING *LEFT* THERE, CLAIRE.

PLEASE, MAKE SOME CALLS--FIND OUT *WHO* IS TRYING TO CLOSE THE *NORMAN FILE*-- CLOSE IT *PERMANENTLY*--

--THEN COME BACK TO ME ABOUT MY VIVID IMAGINATION...

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

WHAT DO YOU *THINK* SHE SAID, *ANDIE*?

AND YOU SAID YOU COULD CHARM ANYTHING OUT OF HER.

WELL, WHILE WE'RE BEING SO SARCASTIC, WHAT DID GOVERNMENT SUPER-PSYCHIATRIST *ANDREA STERMAN* ACCOMPLISH TODAY?

WE HAVE A MEETING TONIGHT WITH A MAN WHO SAYS HE CAN HELP US.

WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT *WHO* IS TRYING TO *KILL* JACK MONROE, YET--

--BUT WE MAY START UNDERSTANDING A LITTLE MORE OF THE *WHY*.

CLUTIER, IOWA WAS THE PLACE TO BE IN 1949.

IT WAS A TOWN BEING BUILT FROM THE GROUND UP BY THE G.I. BILL, AS HUNDREDS OF VETS FROM THE BIG ONE CAME TO THE MID-WEST TO SET UP NEW ROOTS.

AND FOR A LITTLE BOY NAMED BART INGRID, IT WAS A PLACE WHERE THE SUN SEEMED TO SHINE MORE BRIGHTLY--

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

--AND EVERY NEW DAY SEEMED TO SING THE PROMISE THAT TOMORROW WOULD BRING.

AND THEN, OF COURSE, REALITY WOULD SET IN...

HEY, INGRID BERGMAN!

YOU LOOK BEEEYOOOTEFUL TODAY, INGRID!

DRUG STORE

C'MERE AND GIVE HUMPHREY A BIG KISS!

SHUT UP, JACK! LEAVE ME ALONE!

INGRID'S SUCH A BEAUTY--

--A PIN-UP GIRL, A CUTIE!

LEAVE ME ALONE, JACK MONROE!

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO ANY OF YOU!

THAT CUTS IT, INGRID!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH THROWIN' YOUR BOOKS AT ME LIKE THAT!

GET 'IM JACK!

HIT 'IM AGAIN!

YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR TREATING ME THE WAY YOU DO, JACK!

ONE DAY, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!

YOU'LL SEE... ALL OF YOU... YOU'LL SEE!

HA HA HA HA

HE IS SHAKEN BY THE NEWS. LOST IN MEMORIES.

HIS PAST IS ACTUALLY SOMETHING **NEW** TO HIM.

WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF **DAMAGE** WAS DONE TO HIM WHILE THE GOVERNMENT PUMPED **PSYCHO-ACTIVE CHEMICALS** INTO HIS SYSTEM?

HOW IS THIS YOUNG MAN, WHO SPENT DECADES IN **SUSPENDED ANIMATION** AND IS ACTUALLY A **DOZEN YEARS OLDER** THAN ME--

--GOING TO DEAL WITH THE PAIN OF HIS PAST COME BACK TO HAUNT HIM?

HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED?

I MEAN, INGRID'S FAMILY-- THEY WERE A PART OF IT ALL--

--HOW COULD HE HAVE BECOME A SENATOR WITHOUT SOMEONE HAVING BROUGHT HIS PAST UP?

THE CHILDREN WERE ALL **PROTECTED**, JACK, JUST AS YOU AND YOUR SISTER, JILL, WERE. ALL OF YOU, PLACED IN **FOSTER HOMES** FAR AWAY FROM CLUTIER--FAR AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.

"DON'T YOU REMEMBER, JACK?

"THEY CAME TO YOUR HOUSE--**DOZENS** OF MEN--TAKING YOUR FATHER AWAY IN **HANDCUFFS**--

"--BUT IT WAS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED THE **ENTIRE** TOWN WAS INVOLVED."

MEIN KAMPH

IT WAS *SCANDALOUS* THEN, BUT IT IS A PERIOD OF YOUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY WHICH IS ALL TOO OFTEN CONVENIENTLY *SWEPT* UNDER THE RUG.

BECAUSE OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE *UNJUSTLY* PROSECUTED DURING THE *RED-SCARE* OF THE TIME--

--THOSE WHO WERE *PROPERLY* UNCOVERED AS THREATS TO THIS COUNTRY ARE EASILY AND THANKFULLY *FORGOTTEN*.

BUT ONE PERSON *DIDN'T* FORGET, RIGHT?

BART INGRID DIDN'T FORGET.

OH, NO. HIS MEMORY WAS *VIVID* ENOUGH TO HAVE ENABLED HIM TO ACCOMPLISH ALL THAT HE HAS AND *MORE*...

WHAT IS THIS--A *CAMP* OF SOME SORT?

A *SUPREMACIST COMPOUND* OUTSIDE OF CLUTIER.

WELL-GUARDED AND WELL-HIDDEN FROM PRYING EYES.

BUT WHY?

THEY ARE *LEGION* AND GROWING STRONGER EVERY DAY.

AND THEY WILL BE THE *FRONT LINE* IN THE PRECIPITATION OF A *RACE WAR*.

THIS IS A LITTLE RIDICULOUS.

I MEAN, SELL IT TO GERALDO, BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT A BUNCH OF RED-NECKS TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY?

WELL, I IMAGINE YOU UNDERESTIMATE THE THREAT THESE KINDS OF ORGANIZATIONS CURRENTLY POSE TO THIS COUNTRY--

--AS DO MANY OTHERS--

--BUT JUST IMAGINE HOW QUICKLY THEY COULD ACCOMPLISH THEIR GOALS--

--IF THEY HAD ONE OF THEIR PRIMARY LEADERS SITTING BEHIND THE DESK IN THE OVAL OFFICE?

I HAVE AN OPERATIVE INSIDE THE CLUTIER CAMPSITE NOW, WORKING TO OBTAIN THE INFORMATION I WILL NEED TO PROCEED TO THE NEXT STEP IN MY ATTEMPT TO DISMANTLE THIS ORGANIZATION.

AND WHAT STEP WOULD THAT BE?

WHY, TO SEND YOU IN TO DISMANTLE THEM.

OH, REALLY? AND WHY WOULD I DO THAT?

OH, FOR SEVERAL REASONS. BECAUSE YOU KNOW IT HAS TO BE DONE.

BECAUSE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WERE BORN INTO THIS PARTICULAR PROBLEM AND FEEL AN OBLIGATION TO SETTLE THE MATTER. AND BECAUSE YOU ARE INTIMATELY INVOLVED WITH THE OPERATIVE I HAVE ENABLED TO INFILTRATE THE CAMP.

YES... FOR YOU SEE... THE OPERATIVE INSIDE THE CAMP...

...IS ALSO THE MOTHER OF THIS CHILD!

I AM?

BUCKY?!

OUTSIDE OF CLUTIER...

BOOBY-- YOU BACK IN TONIGHT?

BROUGHT SOME COMPANY.

HAVE A PARTY.

'THOUGH, AS USUAL, NONE OF US'RE GONNA HAVE ANY FUN WITH THE NEW FILLY.

NICE PLACE.

SERVES US JUST FINE.

I'M SURE IT DOES.

SHE DOESN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD, TAKING IN THE SIGHTS AND ACTIVITIES OF THE CAMP AROUND HER--

--THE NERVOUS LIQUID OF FEAR SLIDING DOWN HER BACK.

THE JEEP TOURS THE ENTIRE FACILITY, SHE SEES THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES--

--FILLED WITH THE MOST MODERN COMPUTERS AVAILABLE FOR OFFICE USE.

SHE SEES THE TRAINING GROUNDS WHERE, HOW DID THEY PUT IT TO HER...

...."THE SOLDIERS OF THE WHITE WAY" WORK OUT DAY AND NIGHT.

THEN THE CAFETERIA WHICH IS EQUIPPED TO FEED OVER FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE.

...THERE ARE NO WOMEN HERE!

BOBBY, GOOD TO SEE YOU, BOY.

LOOKS LIKE YOU BROUGHT US A *PRESENT*, HUH?

THE CAMP, BOBBY IS QUICK TO POINT OUT TO HER, CURRENTLY HOUSES EIGHTY-FIVE, BUT THEY EXPECT TO TRIPLE THAT BY NEXT YEAR.

AND AMONG THE COUNTLESS THINGS SHE SEES WHICH TERRIFY HER, ONE THING STANDS OUT...

HOW DO, MA'AM. MY NAME IS WILL.

I'M THE DRILL SERGEANT AROUND HERE, FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM.

S'ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE US ABLE TO BRING SOME NEW BREEDING STOCK INTO THE CAMP.

UHM... EXCUSE ME... BREEDING STOCK?

THE WOMEN WHO COME HERE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL PURPOSE, YOUNG LADY--

--AND THAT IS TO SERVE OUR CAUSE BY PERPETUATING THE WHITE RACE.

WAIT A MINUTE-- YOU EXPECT ME TO BE SOME KIND OF BABY MACHINE?!

NOT IN SUCH A CRASS WAY, GIRL.

'SIDES, WE ONLY ALLOW ONE MAN TO PERPETUATE OUR MASTER PLAN--

--ONE MAN WHO STANDS AS A SYMBOL OF THREE DECADES OF CAREFUL BREEDING OF ONLY THE BEST TRAITS OUR SUPERIOR RACE HAS TO OFFER.

AND WHO WOULD THAT BE, SUPER-ARYAN?

NO...

...THAT WOULD BE ME!

HER HEART SKIPS A BEAT.

SHE CHOKES ON HER BREATH.

AND IT HITS HER ALL AT ONCE... SHE KNOWS, LOOKING AT THIS ANIMAL IN FRONT OF HER...

...THAT SHE WILL NEVER SEE HER DAUGHTER AGAIN!

I GOT TO SPEND TWO DAYS WITH BUCKY, AS HEY-POO-POO AND I WORKED OUT A PLAN WHICH WOULD BRING ME HOME AGAIN.

HOME.

THAT'S ALL I EVER WANTED... A HOME... WITH BUCKY, MAYBE... A WIFE, I GUESS, WOULD WORK OUT RIGHT, TOO.

SELF SERVE

BUT I KNOW I'M *KIDDING* MYSELF.

I LOOK AROUND CLUTIER, AND EVEN AFTER FORTY YEARS, IT LOOKS *EXACTLY* THE SAME TO ME...

...AND JUST SERVES AS A VERY PAINFUL *REMINDER* THAT I'LL NEVER FIND A HOME. MAYBE I DON'T *DESERVE* ONE--

--BECAUSE I *RUINED* THE HOMES OF SO MANY PEOPLE SO LONG AGO-

-AND IT *WAS* HOME... TO A LITTLE BOY... IT WAS THE *ONLY* HOME I EVER KNEW...

TOY

...AND THE ONLY HOME I EVER *WOULD* KNOW AGAIN.

GAS · FOOD · LODGING

AND NOW?

NOW I'VE COME TO RUIN A WHOLE *NEW* GENERATION OF LIVES.

NICE BIND TO BE IN. IN ORDER TO *PREVENT* THE SINS OF MY PAST FROM COMING TO FRUITION, I'M BEING FORCED TO *REPEAT* THEM.

HOW MANY OF THESE PEOPLE ARE A PART OF IT?

ALL OF THEM? *NONE* OF THEM?

SOME *HAVE* TO KNOW. YOU CAN'T HIDE A CAMP FULL OF GOOD OL' BOYS A FEW MILES AWAY WITHOUT THE LOCALS KNOWING ABOUT IT.

BUT HOW MANY OF THEM JUST GO ON ABOUT THEIR LIVES, AFRAID OF WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THE ROAD, PRETENDING IT DOESN'T EXIST?

DO THESE PEOPLE DESERVE TO HAVE THEIR LIVES TORN APART? DO THEIR *CHILDREN?*

MAYBE I *SHOULD* JUST WALK AWAY. LET WHAT HAPPENS HAPPEN.

MAYBE THIS COUNTRY *DESERVES* WHAT IT'S GOT COMING.

IF IT CAN'T LEARN FROM ITS PAST, WHY *SHOULDN'T* IT BE FORCED TO RELIVE IT?

WHY SHOULDN'T I JUST LET IT ALL GO DOWN?

I *LOVE* MY COUNTRY ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I *HATE* WHAT IT'S BECOMING.

AS LONG AS I'M THE ONE STRIKING THE MATCH, WHY SHOULD I TRY TO STOP IT FROM BURNING?

I CAN'T DO THIS.

I CAN'T.

BUT I HAVE TO.

NICE OUTFIT.

DON'T HAVE TO DRESS UP LIKE *HALLOWEEN* IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE CAMP, SON.

CLOSED

THEY KNOW. IS IT A *JOKE* TO THEM? IS IT ALL FUN AND GAMES?

LAUGH ABOUT THE WACKY NEIGHBOR UNTIL HE GOES ON A *SHOOTING SPREE*.

THEN YOU GO ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS AND SAY, "HE WAS ODD, BUT HE ALWAYS KEPT TO HIMSELF. NO ONE EXPECTED THIS."

COFFEE, PLEASE.

NO ONE EVER EXPECTS THE *TRUTH* TO HIT THEM SQUARE IN THE FACE.

AND YOU CAN ONLY IGNORE REALITY FOR SO LONG BEFORE IT GRABS YOU BY THE BACK OF THE SHOULDER, SPINS YOU AROUND--

--AND THEN YOU HAVE NO *CHOICE* BUT TO LOOK AT IT.

CRASH

DAN'S DINER

JACK--?

JILL. LONG TIME, NO SEE.

DAN'S

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONE PIECE OF INFORMATION.

IS THAT SO MUCH TO ASK FOR?

I MEAN, ONE CLUE AS TO *WHY* SOMEONE TODAY IS TRYING TO *BURY* THE NOMAD FILE AND KILL *JACK MONROE*.

IF WE GET THAT, WE CAN FIND OUT *WHO*, *WHERE*, *WHEN* AND *HOW*.

WELL, JACK, WITH ANY LUCK, THE PERSON WE'RE MEETING HERE CAN GIVE US WHAT WE NEED.

PERHAPS, MS. STERMAN, MR. NORRIS-- HE JUST *DID*.

WHAT?

A *SCHOOL PICTURE*-- FROM NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT?

JACK MONROE IN THE *SECOND GRADE*.

AND THE CHILD SEATED TO HIS *LEFT* IS NAMED BARTHOLOMEW INGRID.

THE SENATOR? THE HEAD OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE?

ONE AND THE SAME.

MISTER... WE OWE YOU A *BIG* FAVOR!

I KNOW...

THE OFFICES OF ADMINISTRATIVE PROCUREMENT FOR THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE...

HIS NAME IS **VERNON HATCHWAY**. HE IS AN FBI AGENT.

HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO PLACED AN INTER-DEPARTMENTAL **TERMINATION FLAG** ON JACK MONROE.

AND FIND OUT WHO, FROM THE VARIOUS AGENCIES AYAILABLE FOR SUCH WORK, IS EXPECTED TO **"RAISE THE FLAG"** AND KILL HIM.

AND AFTER DAYS OF FOLLOWING A **MALIGNANT PAPER TRAIL**, HATCHWAY HAS JUST FOUND OUT WHERE THE TERMINATION ORDER CAME FROM...

Pursuant to the request from
ources at the Commission on
Super Human Activities, a flag
been raised on File #1224AY-N
It has been asked that the flag be
ised by people within the Federal
Bureau of Investigations, so as to
alleviate excessive inquiry to the ac
The agent chosen to raise the flag
as a familiarity with the methods
and motivations of the target. Ou
agent will be contacted to raise
very shortly.

HIS NAME IS VERNON HATCHWAY.

AND HE HAS ALSO JUST DISCOVERED **WHO** IS EXPECTED TO KILL JACK MONROE.

HE IS!

TO BE CONTINUED!

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — SCOTT MARSHALL: ASSISTANT EDITOR
C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Dear Glenn And Scott,

I picked up NOMAD #21 today and I'm really upset that this title is being cancelled after a mere 25 issues. I would like cast my vote for future one-shots and maybe, even, a limited series or two. Anyway, here's hoping we will see the further adventures of Nomad. Thanks for the ride! Later...

Eddie Teller
110 Willow Street
Woosocket, RI 02895

p.s. What is Rick Mays going to be doing after this series? That Domino pin-up was unbelievable!!

Gee, Eddie. We're not sure what Rick's going to be doing, either. But after the incredible job he's done on NOMAD, our guess is the guy's going to be hitting the road in search of a much-needed vacation.

Dear One For The Road,

WHAT????ARE YOU NUTS??? I was going to write my first comic letter to you guys complimenting this superb comic when I read that NOMAD's getting dropped.

How dare you dump on ol' Jack Monroe? The art was brilliant and original. The stories were relevant, mature and well written. If you cancel the only Marvel Comic I still faithfully get and enjoy, I will shave my head and join a monastery. And then I'll come after you guys.

You hear me Fabian? Forget about X-Force and and the New Warriors. Save NOMAD.

You hear me Rick? Wherever you are, come back to NOMAD.

I won't sleep until my copy of NOMAD #26 comes to me.

Paul Gresser
19550 Hampton Drive
Boca Raton, FL 33434

Sadly, Paul, NOMAD #26 isn't anything to lose any sleep over. As far as the monastery goes, NOMAD isn't anything to lose any hair over either. There may not be a NOMAD #26, but there will always be a NOMAD with fans like you. Awwwwww.

Dear Sirs,

Three words: MAN-THING KICKS BUTT!!!

Adam Murdough
RR#1 Box 1544A
Womeldorf, PA 19567

We think so too, Adam. And we have the sore tushies to prove it!

Dear Glenn and Co.,

I have been collecting comics for over a decade. Needless to say (**Too Late**), I have enjoyed innumerable Marvels over the years. And now, you guys are cancelling one of my all-time favorite comics. Glenn, please tell me That this is your idea of a belated Halloween prank.

It's not empty praise when I say that NOMAD epitomizes the best of Marvel. Can you name another title with the guts to tackle the L.A. riots? Or one featuring a murderer who kills people by injecting them with the HIV virus? NOMAD delivers realistic topics with some of the smoothest artwork I've ever seen. And it's complimented by truly gripping writing.

I suppose that there's always guest appearances, and the possibility of a mini-series or one-shot. But the cancellation of NOMAD provides a sad commentary on the state of affairs of what comics people do read.

To make a long letter short (**Too Late, again**), bring back Jack! The sooner, the better. Thanks for 25 killer issues.

Harry Simon
604 Sea Pines Lane
Las Vegas, NV 89107

And thank you, Harry, for writing so often and being such a consistent fan. As far as NOMAD goes, who knows what the future will bring? (That's a shameless Marvel hint for anyone who's listening. See NOMAD #25).

Dearly Beloved,

Yesterday was a day I'd sooner forget. And let's just say the impending cancellation of NOMAD was the icing on the cake. I miss Jack, already. And Bucky. And Giscard Hey-poo-poo. Heck, I even miss the monthly Scott Ziemba award. And I don't blame Marvel. You took quite a risk by asking people to think.

I have a few suggestions. (1) Kill Jack in NOMAD #25. Give him a good existential send-off! (2) Make Jack the new Punisher. He's crazy enough. (3) Have Jack join the Six Pack. Then Fabian can still use the character.

Well, whatever you do in issue #25, dear Road Crew, just make sure it exceeds your usual excellence. End with a bang, not a whimper!

Katherin Keller
820 Alene Ave.
Ridgecrest, CA 93555

The last issue of NOMAD will probably be a pretty sad occasion for all of us, Katherin. And while the ending to the series will be unbelievable, please forgive us, if in our sadness, we wimper a bit as well.

Dear Glenn,

First you cut his hair. Now you're cutting Jack. In May I will have to think about making mine Marvel.

Erika Wardrum
6314 W. Patterson
Chicago, Il 60634

Sorry to...ummm..."cut" your letter short, Erika. Believe us, we don't want to cancel NOMAD. But rest assured, someday, in some way, NOMAD's story will continue.

Dear One For The Road,

Just thought I'd let you know how disappointed I am that NOMAD is being cancelled at issue #25. It's too bad that a book that can be so socially aware without losing its entertaining value doesn't have the following to keep it going. Says something about society, doesn't it? However, if Fabian Nicieza and Rick Mays aren't going to be doing their respective tasks on every issue, perhaps it's for the best. I'm not meaning to slight any of the other writers and pencilers, it's just that Mr. Nicieza and Mr. Mays are what this book is all about.

If Mr. Monroe does have to wander on alone, it's with my warmest wishes and fondest regards.

Robert Austin
215 E. 5th
Maryville, MO64468

Thanks, Robert. You won't want to miss next issue, because it might just be Nomad's last (just kidding, the one after it is the last). Don't miss #24 when Nomad's battle with 88 leads him to becoming the super soldier he was always meant to be. Be there.